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May 15 1940

Charivaria

Herr von Ribbentrop, according to an American journalist, is not over-popular with the Nazi leaders. That makes it practically unanimous.

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"Germany's present policy is nothing but a glorified game

of Follow the Leader," writes a correspondent. Neutrals, however, regard it more in the light of unrestricted Hop-scotch.

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"One of the problems of a walking tour is how to take a bath," says a writer. Why not fix little wheels on the bottom and tow it?

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Modern holiday camps are thoroughly organised. The staff at one establishment

were reprimanded by the manager when he noticed that a guest was enjoying himself entirely on his own initiative.

There is no confirmation of the report that Herr von

RIBBENTROP has discovered documents in Old Mother Hubbard's Cupboard.

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"Interesting Memoirs of Retiring Sanitary Inspector" Heading in "S. Staffs. Advertiser." Ah, memory! sweet memory!

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We read that the cuckoo, the swallow and the nightingale have all arrived in Hyde Park once again. So much for the balloon barrage!

Danes have been ordered not to kill any geese. It is thought that the gait of these birds has endeared them to the German military authorities.

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A practically permanent finish for motor-car bodies has been discovered by an Ameri-

can scientist. Even more lasting than the old-fashioned brick wall?

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The inventor of a new type of hand-grenade says, "You merely press a small projection on the casing, a detonator explodes the charge, and there you are." Or aren't, as the case may be.

The only soap available in Germany is described as

being as hard as iron. All the available supply of soft soap has been sent to Rome.

It is not yet quite clear whether Germany will now attack the enemy or the next weakest neutral but one.



"The race is to the swift," says a German military writer. But Britain puts quite a bit on the Fleet.

"R.A.F. REPORTED AIDING ALLIES"

Heading in Evening Paper.

We always hoped they'd come in on our side.

According to a report, burglars recently broke into a military isolation hospital. Later they broke out.

Curiosity

(A few idle questions addressed at random to a friend employed by the Ministry of Information)

ID the flat season follow chasing On Nazi courses? tell me, John. And are the German greyhounds racing Now that the war has so much gone? We have our games and light enjoyment, We take our holidays by the sea, We still retain our unemployment-Do they do that in Germany?

You know. You read the German papers, While I am wandering in the dark. What of their hat-shops and their drapers? How often do their peace-hounds bark? Are perms and pools so all-important Now in the Reich as aeroplanes? And have their work-day hours been shortened? Does anyone conscribe their brains?

This is, perhaps, an empty wonder, They have their ways and we have ours. Doubtless the wild barbarians blunder More largely than the Western Powers. I only feel this mild emotion Because the frowning front they make Seems to have tied the Arctic Ocean Up with the Mediterranean Lake." EVOE.

A Passion for Music

N appalling thought has struck me as I have been reading the life-story of Frank W. Woolworth in the Saturday Evening Post. As far as I can discover, no member of my family has done anything for several generations. This is a strange fact, for I understand that most of my forbears were as well endowed with brains, drive and ambition as Mr. Woolworth himself. Yet none of them founded a chain of stores, an industry, or even a modest one-man business. In fact the only member of my family who did anything unusual was my Great-Aunt Emily, who fell in love with her father's coachman.

The coachman's name was Thomas Honeydew and my Great-Aunt Emily agreed to marry him. The proposed match aroused great parental opposition and the lovers decided to elope. At four o'clock one morning Thomas Honeydew placed a ladder against the wall below my Great-Aunt Emily's bedroom and attempted to arouse her. With tender care he selected a pebble of suitable size and threw it against my great-aunt's window. My great-aunt continued to sleep. Thomas Honeydew then threw a larger pebble, which also failed to awake her. He next threw a handful of small pebbles, but his anxious vigil continued. Finally Thomas Honeydew picked up half a brick, which sailed through the window pane, smashed a large water-jug decorated with roses and awoke my Great-Aunt Emily's father, who came downstairs in his night-shirt. the meaning of this infernal noise?" my Great-Aunt Emily's father asked Thomas Honeydew. "We're going to elope," Thomas I Emily's window. Thomas Honeydew said, pointing to my Great-Aunt

My Great-Aunt Emily's father looked at the window and snorted. "Emily!" he bellowed.

My great-aunt woke up and put her head out of the window. She was wearing a pink embroidered night-cap which, I have been told, was very fetching.

Honeydew tells me that you're going to elope," roared

My Great-Aunt Emily shook her head sleepily. "Never!" she cried. "You can't make me. I will never marry a man who wakes me so early in the morning."

Thomas Honeydew, who was a good coachman, went to pieces after this and ended his days in a miserable manner driving a milk-float.

It would appear that the failure of my family to achieve anything has been due not to lack of ability but to lack of Mr. Woolworth, I understand, was prompted to establish his celebrated stores by his passion for organs. When he had made his fortune he went in for organs in a big way. He had installed in his house an organ that could make a noise like falling rain, and by pressing a button he could throw a diffused light on to a portrait of Mozart as one of that composer's tunes was being played.

Even in her more romantic moods my Great-Aunt Emily would not have given anyone fourpence for an organ that made a sound like falling rain. She always hated the sound of falling rain, particularly in the spring, when she knew that it meant that the slugs were getting at her lettuce. My Uncle Clement would have appreciated the instrument, because he stayed in bed when it was raining, but I doubt whether he would have made himself dyspeptic to acquire one. I cannot think of a single member of my family who from patriotic, sentimental, æsthetic, hygienic, or any other motives, would have wished to throw a diffused light on to a portrait of anybody.

Mr. Woolworth was of course very fond of organ music, and his appreciation has been shared by many of my relatives. My Aunt Lily used to play the organ in church on alternate Sundays, so that she did not need one in her home. Most of us have, in our time, enjoyed listening to organs of varying types, shapes and sizes, without allowing our passion for this form of music to overwhelm us. The most musical of us all, my mother's brother Fred, preferred a mouth-organ to any other type. He used to play one all day long and often far into the night, but he did not have to found a chain of stores in order to acquire it. He bought it at Woolworth's.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

The organisers of the Friends of the French Forces Fund, which was started a few weeks ago in order to provide amenities for the French Forces (parcels are made up of pullovers, socks, razors, notepaper and pencils, cake, chocolate, jam, etc.), will be very grateful for any contributions in money or kind. The Presidents are The Marquess of CREWE and Lord TYRRELL OF AVON, and Brigadier-General E. L. Spears is the Vice-President. Parcels should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. J. L. S. Hale, Suite 780, Savoy Hotel, W.C.2, and cheques to Messrs. Lazard Bros. and Co., Ltd., 11 Old Broad Street, E.C.2. No office expenses are charged and every penny received goes straight to the French fighting man.

> "Learn German Now-you will want it later." Advt. in "The Times."

South Coast papers, please copy.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS?

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WAR-TIME WEAKNESSES-KNOWING BETTER THAN THE HIGH COMMAND

Dispatch from Little Fiddle-on-the-Green

HERE can be few people in Little Fiddle-on-the-Green, or even in Great Britain, who have been more thoroughly conscientious in running this war than has (and is still being) Aunt Emma.

Not that one wishes to cast any reflection upon others.

General Battlegate and Mr. Pancatto have each, in their quite extraordinarily different ways, undertaken A.R.P. work; and such a task, necessarily exacting, has been made no easier by their not having been on speaking terms practically ever since the first week of their close collaboration.

Mr. Pledge, as Special Constable, has

walked about all over the place, very often in the middle of the night, and spoken to Miss Dodge twice about her back-kitchen window, inadequately screened from any hostile aircraft that might be looking for it. One may as well add that Miss Dodge's defence, that she was making jam as part of the National Defence Scheme—(see instructions issued by the Women's Institute)—was not properly understood by the Bench at the next Petty Sessions, and she had to pay a fine. No one was more distressed than Mr. Pledge, unless it was Miss Dodge.

As for Mrs. Pledge, besides nursing Mr. Pledge through the many colds that he has unfortunately caught in the

pursuit of his duties, one knows only too well what she has had to undergo in argument—if argument it can be called—from her son Cyril on the subject of Soviet Russia, about which his views are not the same as those of his parents.

Nor can one forget old Lady Flagge and all her Committees, however much one might sometimes want to, and although, by one of those curious and inexplicable coincidences, nothing is easier than to forget poor Miss Flagge, her daughter, who is on all the same Committees.

No one in the parish, however, is actually *living* the war to quite the same extent as Aunt Emma—except,

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nd is ge, me is the pt, indeed, Uncle Egbert, who has really no choice in the matter. As he says himself, he could put up with having to wake to the sound of the Seven o'clock News if he hadn't got to hear whatever the next thing on the programme may be as well, so that Aunt Emma can be sure of not missing a word of the Eight o'clock News.

The difficulty connected with the One o'clock News is really only a matter of adjustment, but even that, Uncle Egbert thinks, is going to take quite a long while, after lunching punctually at one all these years.

Of the days when there was a Four o'clock News one really feels it better to say nothing. The thing is over now, and one has heard it said more than once that it came to an end not a moment too soon so far as Uncle Egbert's home-life was concerned.

The Six o'clock News, the Nine o'clock News and the News at Midnight all, in their different degrees, rouse Uncle Egbert from sleep.

Aunt Emma, on the other hand, has

practically given up sleep altogether since the war began.

Besides listening to the News and continually standing at attention because of something on the wireless that sounds as though it might be the Swiss National Anthem, Aunt Emma tries-as she herself puts it-never to lose touch with the Government for a moment. And on the day that Aunt Emma applied for extra sugar for fruitbottling one can honestly say that the Government wasn't lost touch with for one single minute out of the twentyfours hours, the minute that one remembers most poignantly being the one in which Aunt Emma discovered that sixteen pounds don't make one hundredweight after all.

Nor has the art of conversation remained unaffected by the European situation—anyway at the home of Aunt Emma and Uncle Egbert.

Optimistic comments offered by Laura were just met by a very earnest speech from Aunt Emma about Wishful Thinking, and when one sought to avoid making the same error and went perhaps to the other extreme, Aunt Emma talked sharply about the evils of defeatism.

It was then that Uncle Egbert took a strong line, switched off the wireless—approaching the Six o'clock News via the Children's Hour—and deliberately began to talk about quite other things—thinking, as he afterwards admitted, to turn the current of Aunt Emma's thoughts before we all went mad.

So he made the sudden, rather dramatic, announcement that the old sow, Susan, had had a litter of fourteen little pigs that morning.

Aunt Emma, casting a searching glance round the drawing-room, begged him in reply to remember that careless talking served no other purpose than to give away valuable information to the enemy. Then she put on the News—which was to the effect that there had been no further developments in any direction.

E. M. D.



"This one is Gordon's latest portrait of me-he's engaged on camouflage work now."

Finance and Art

O, I've never touched this sort of stuff, boy," said Mr. Kibitzer, looking round the little gallery. "Well, you couldn't exactly call it entertainment, could you?"

"It's show business all right," observed his companion, as they paused in front of a large red picture.

Mr. Kibitzer said "Ha!

The elegant young woman at the desk had been regarding them with suspicion for some time. She now stood up, went briskly to a small door, opened it and called "Mr. Garstang! Mr. Spoot!" Then she shut the door and returned to her desk, where she had been sticking Press-cuttings on to bits of cardboard, and sat looking darkly over the top of it at Mr. Kibitzer and his companion, who had now got to a very large green picture.

"Undersea Plangence," Mr. Kibitzer read from his catalogue. "Does that beat you like it beats me, boy?"
"Twice," his friend replied gloomily.
Mr. Kibitzer waved his catalogue. "As I see it," he

announced, "these titles don't what you might call mean Not meant to. They're just for reference, like makers' numbers, so as people know which is which. Might as well call one JX/BF 1104 or something."

"They almost did," said the other, holding up his

catalogue and showing that the title of picture number 18

was "BA-1170."

"What did I say! What did I say!" Mr. Kibitzer cried excitedly. The girl at the desk made a slight sound.

The outer door opened and two more visitors entered, at the same moment as Mr. Garstang and Mr. Spoot emerged from the little door in the wall. The newcomers seemed to be mother and daughter: the first knew nothing about Art, but the second knew all about it. Mr. Garstang looked sternly at them, but Mr. Spoot went over to the girl at the

" Ah, monsieur, il pleut, n'est ce pas!"

desk and found out from her the correct objects of disapproval. He returned to Mr. Garstang and spoke to him in an undertone; then they both stood and glared at Mr. Kibitzer and his friend.

Mr. Kibitzer was now standing before "BA-1170," looking puzzled. "Is this the one?" he asked.

No less," said his companion, sombrely

"But this one does look like something. Why didn't the feller call it 'Eels'?"

"You got to fathom the artistic mind. They like to be

contrary

Working methodically, taking the pictures in order, the mother and daughter had got half-way along the opposite wall. The mother said suddenly, hopefully, "That might

"Nonsense," the girl said briskly. "That's terribly derivative. Think of what poor Frances would have to say when people said 'Oh, is that a Sickert?'

"Well, she could just say 'No."

"You don't understand, mother . . Now one of these abstract ones would be far better. They're quite individual. No one could call them imitations.

"But . . . wouldn't one of these look rather—odd in the

middle of the other presents?

"I should say it would, that's the whole point. Who else has poor Frances got to brighten up the vistas of toast-racks for her? She doesn't know anybody but us with a mind above silver plate."

"Silver plate's very nice," said the elder lady wistfully. The realisation that these visitors were quite likely to buy a picture dawned on the other occupants of the gallery at about the same time. All were surprised, but Mr. Garstang and Mr. Spoot of course were the more delighted: by far the most surprised was Mr. Kibitzer's friend. He, in fact, was thunderstruck at first, but he recovered quickly. and began to whisper urgently in Mr. Kibitzer's ear. "Well—no, hardly," Mr. Kibitzer said with reluctance.

"Then I will," said the other softly. "I can do it. It's a chance doesn't come twice. How many more people you think going to buy any of this junk? Bet you I can make an easy ten bob. Look. I go to these manager fellers and buy one of these things, ten bob, a pound, whatever it is. Then I sell it again "-he jerked his thumb unobtrusively-"to the old girl. You know me, I can sell anything. Hold that a minute." He thrust his hat into Mr. Kibitzer's hand and hastened across to Mr. Garstang and Mr. Spoot. They received him coldly. In two minutes he was back,

muttering explosively into Mr. Kibitzer's ear "But do you know what they charge? I asked what the cheapest one was. What do you think he said, I ask you, what do you think he said?"

'A lot?" said Mr. Kibitzer cautiously.

"A lot! Fifteen perishing smackers, no less. You know me, I can sell anything, but there's got to be reason in it. See me going up to the old girl and asking fifteen-ten for See me going up to the old girl and account one of these? I got my pride. She'd give me in charge." It was " said Mr. Kibitzer. "It

"I could have warned you," said Mr. Kibitzer. doesn't do to mix finance with art. That's a rule.

They went out. Frances (eventually) got what she deserved. R. M.

"She had previously intervened, and the Official Referee told 'Remember, next time you open your mouth, out you go.'
D—— apologised."—Liverpool Paper.

And out she went?

NOTES ON THE R.A.



LIE-DOWN STRIKE IN THE BUILDING TRADE

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MEAL WITHOUT COUPONS



PALMISTRY IN THE SAUCY SIXTIES



MEN'S SUITINGS-CORNWALL



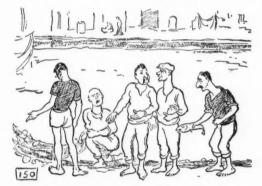
THE WAR PICTURES—A COMPOSITE IMPRESSION



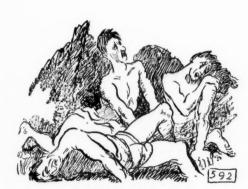
THE LITTLE MESMERIST



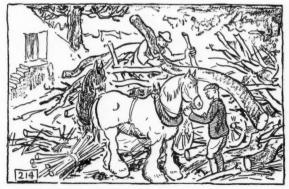
"THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF PISA"



There seems to be here a reference to the European situation—unfortunately somewhat obscure



STRENGTH THROUGH JOY



ONE OF MANY PICTURES DISPROVING THE RUMOUR OF A SHORTAGE OF TIMBER

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"Remember you used to say, Why must I wear that silly little hat perched on the side of my head and I used to say, Well, that's how they're worn?"

The Brighter Side

AND is your noble spirit sapped
By taxes, rates and such,
And do you find the papers apt
To dwell thereon o'ermuch?
Would you have smiles to cheer the eye
And grins to lift the heart,
Ignore the reading-matter; try
The advertising part.

You maiden with the length of leg That recommends her hose, Observe her countenance, I beg, How beamingly it glows; That sparkling visage just beneath; Its light is clearly seen To emanate from perfect teeth Ascribed to something -ine.

But look you here—oh, jaded phiz,
Oh, long-drawn face and plain—
I know what your discomfort is,
Dyspepsia is your bane;
Consult your friend, that radiant one
Whose system knows no fault,
And greet, like her, the daily sun
With X's morning salt.

And there are brave as well as fair;
Here is a supple form
Glad in its gent's Spring underwear
(Absorbent, cool, yet warm),
And mark you him of portlier waist
Who comes out well-night svelte
And beams, though somewhat tightly cased,
In his new body-belt.

And this young matron with her cot,
That pride of female hats,
Those things for growing hair (or not),
And these engaging brats,
And many more—oh, drink them in
And lose your cares awhile,
Bucked by the advertising grin,
Cheered by the boosting smile.

Dum-Dum.

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Molesworth and the Wicked Grandmother

Contains: Time-Table of grandmothers, choc-bars, cats and tuough times

ALSO

Runing comentary on ernest the dog.

April 6. Mum tell us we to go to granny molesworth for rest of hols. Absolute chiz as she haf face like a monky and is also record bossy. Moleworth 2 blub and sa he going to die so give him buble gum, also biskit crums from pocket and tooffee that was sticking on penknife. Pack trunk i.e. dead frog, dinkytoys of all sorts and bat (three springs). Skool report arrive hem hem and mum sa phew. She do not kno what Pa will sa. Will stuff silk hankercheif down trousis as Peason bet it break canes.

April 7. Silk hankercheifs do Not break canes. Q.E.D. April 8. Set off in cranky old grid. moleworth 2 bag front seat he is a swanker and when we turn always pute out hand wrong way. Crash bang and colonel zoom up with red nose absolutely batey. He sa he crushed both wings and chowfeur call him blooming (?) buterfly. He drive off shaking fist and molesworth 2 cop him with an orange. Gran to meet us she is weedier than ever and make us wipe boots and noses.

April 9. Gran very stricked she make us not cut mashed potatoes into squares and forts chiz. molesworth 2 sulk as he sailing a bean into a mighty fjord. Gran sa when she a girl she very beatiful and moleworth 2 sa i bet. Butler laff so much he drob rubarb on carpet. Chiz as gran won't let me cat it. She is weedy and haf weedy cat and ernest a dog who amaze me. It haf little yelow coat and thinks it is tuough becos it die for the king.

April 11. Tea party. Tons of fusty old lades and we had to pute on eton colars chiz chiz chiz. Silence while molesworth 2 pla piano "Faire bells." Dog ernest howls and cat spring through window. All lades sa deliteful and knit furously so molesworth 2 pla again. "Charge of mountane ponies." All take cover while he pla mightily. Then he do tricks from our boys conjerring outfit. He take card out of mrs maplethorpe vicars wifes ear. Chiz as anebode could see he had it in his hand (also hair and part of mrs Maplethorpe hat).

April 16. Pa come down cheers cheers. We pla cricket on crokey lawn and he is absolutely rotten. Bowl him fuste ball with cunning guglie also molesworth 2 but he sa he not looking chiz. Mum then bowl i prepare to slosh mightily but she bowl dolly all along ground. Terf explode everwhere bat hit ernest (dog) and he die for king immedately. Pa then take wizard swipe. Wizz wam ball hit greenhouse. Grandmothers, gardners cooks and dogs rush into air-rade shelter, expecially butler as whisky kept there. Gran appear on horizon at last and Pa go quickly off to pub (Beer?) leaving mum to face musick. Not the way to win war.

April 17. Gran sa we to haf grate treat but she only read



"Really, Mother, I keep on telling you I don't need a chaperone."

chatterbox chiz. She think same absolutely funny and chuckle like anything but record weedy as all girls good and boys like clergymen no blud short squat pistols or men from mars. Molesworth 2 sa jolly good but he only sitting under piano tearing hairs out of ernest dog. Gran think molesworth 2 wonderful and he sit on her knee becos he kno she give him 6d. He is feeble. At dinner Gran start chuckling and sa she remembed something in chatterbox. Coo.

April 20. Cat still missing after molesworth 2 pla faire

bells at tea party.

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April 21. Another grate treat chiz taken to see weedy cathedral. Not bad actually as some topping tombs and gran sa skeltons underneath. Shiver. Also man with 20 children. Gosh. Gran tired so give me 6d. to see cloysters but sneke out and buy chocbars from stope-me. Bars melt in poket but the taste is not disagreeable but gran cop me and sent to bed with bread and water. Molesworth 2 highly delited he haf my share of custard also wizard cutlet yumyum but absolute snubs after as gran read long story in chatterbox. She is weedy and sa feeble things i.e. little boys should be seen and not heard and food hot becos it come from hot place.

April 23. Molesworth 2 is weedy he zoom about

April 23. Molesworth 2 is weedy he zoom about pretending to be a wellington bomber and go ah-ah-ah (machine gune fire) He sa he haf shot down butler cook and ernest the dog also chowfeur who haf black smoke issuing when he dispeared into a cloud. molesworth 2 then returned safely to his base. Gran challenge me to crokey but no balls as molesworth 2 use them for heavy bombs. Find balls in best tulip bed also ernest dog stuned. Pla crokey but gran beat me hollow chiz. She highly delited and whack my ball miles.

April 25. Cat still absent and gran worred. molesworth 2 sa he haf eaten it but no wone belive him as he always tell wopers. Gran ring up police, also sharpen knives and call puss puss. If i were a cat i wouldn't come back. Fly aeroplane but it go strate into ground. Give lacky 500 turns and plane make wizard flite through gran's window hem hem. She leap out of bed as she think it bat which get in her hair. 3 weedy ones with sliper didn't hurt so boo.

April 29. molesworth 2 is a fool and knos 0.

May 3. Mr trimp (skool headmaster) write to sa skool closed becos of quaranteen and great cheers rise. We leap for joy but gran sa we to go to another skool. Cheez. Prepare to go gran give me 2/6 and molesworth 2 only get chatterbox snubs. Climb into cranky old grid and eat flash by. It see molesworth 2 and dash up monky tree. Brrh brrh car starts 20 h.p. mighty engine roaring. All wave and ernest (dog) rush after barking and die for king blocking road. Molesworth 2 thro chatterbox and he rune off to berry it. Good riddance to grandmothers.

May 4. Will tuough all boys at new skool.

the end.

Heil Mayor!

"Councillor Witcher: We say she was asked to resign. If we have got to prove what we say is correct we shall have to do so. The Mayor: If I say it is right, it is right whether I am wrong or not."—Sussex Paper.

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"Lovely Old House undisturbed by aircraft on two floors."

Advertisement.

But keep out of the attic.

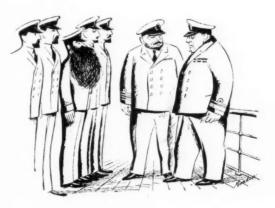
NOTICE

PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to the situation in Scandinavia the supply of paper is drastically curtailed, with the result that our readers may find difficulty in obtaining PUNCH unless an order is given in advance.

To avoid disappointment a definite order for PUNCH weekly should be given immediately to your Newsagent or direct to PUNCH Office. For Subscription rates see the bottom of the Front Cover.

The Summer Number is now on sale at 1/-, and if unobtainable locally can be supplied direct from PUNCH Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, at 1/3, post free.



"In some ways, possibly our keenest officer."



 $2^{\frac{1}{2}}d$.

The evening collection

Marry Late

E seldom go to weddings. We have no top-hat. We refuse to buy a top-hat in order that we may be able to refuse to go to weddings. The deadlock seems complete.

It is not simply the nature of weddings, it is not merely our hatred of the top-hat, that keeps us away. It is the hour. True, we never feel drawn to the big mass-marriages in Westminster or

Knightsbridge, where the bridesmaids fall in by platoons and the happy pair begin the new life by causing a traffic problem. But from time to time small "human" weddings crop up in which we do feel an interest, weddings we should almost like to attend—bright and bonny couples for whose sake we would even purchase and suffer a top-hat.

But not at 2.0 p.m. Not even at 2.30 p.m.

We wish to denounce once more—and more powerfully than before, for now there is no excuse—the selfish, cruel, uneconomic, anti-social conduct of the happy couples who still insist on being married at 2.0 P.M., at 1.30 P.M., or earlier.

As we have said, there is now no excuse. We have told the strange tale before, but it may be worth telling again. Until the 1880's (the actual year we forget) the last "permitted hour" for marriage was 12.0 noon. That had a religious origin—the couple took Mass before they were married; they were therefore wedded fasting, and the wedding breakfast had a meaning which it has no longer, and there was some point in the early hour.

It was changed because of the nonconformists. State registrars had to attend the union of nonconformists, which at one time were regarded with grave suspicion. Undeterred, however, the nonconformists continued to marry each other in such numbers that in some districts there were not enough registrars to go round—that is, before 12.0 noon. No matter how madly the registrar drove his bicycle about the countryside, the weeping nonconformist bride was left unwedded at the chapel door; and there were so many of these sad scenes that a private Member (whose name we forget) was moved to introduce a Bill to extend the lawful time-limit for the solemnization of matrimony to 4.0 P.M.

There was a big Second Reading debate. The Home Secretary did not know anything about the religious basis of the 12.0 noon limit. He thought it was a relic of the eighteenth-century legislation against "clandestine marriages." The idea, he thought, was that the more daylight there was for a wedding the less danger there was of people marrying the wrong people, of wicked barons haling unwilling brides to the altar, drugged, intimidated, half-dead, and so on. The Home Secretary was wrong; and they told him so. But he persisted in his error, as Home Secretaries are inclined to do. He was determined to uphold the principle that people ought to be married by daylight; he observed that

fl A in the North of England in the wintertime it was often dark by four o'clock. But his heart bled for the nonconformist brides, and he said that if the promoter of the Bill would accept an amendment, "three" instead of "four," the Government would let the Bill go through.

No one remarked that if the test was to be daylight, it might be reasonable to have a different hour for summer and winter—on the lines of lighting-up time. The promoter accepted the amendment; and this characteristic English compromise endured for nearly fifty years.

Summer Time came in, and daylight in the summer was postponed by an hour. But the descent of darkness in the North of England, in winter-time, still governed the hours of marriage all the year round.

We ourselves in these pages began "movement" to get the hours extended. We were reproved in high quarters and heavy organs. We were told that ministers of religion ought not to have to work so late as six or seven; that later weddings would automatically become orgies, and so on. We answered, among other things: that it might or might not be desirable to celebrate a marriage with cheap champagne; but it was lawful, and it was done; and it was surely better from every point of view that cheap champagne should be drunk at seven P.M. than at three. Further, we said, if working-people did not have to lose a day's work to attend a wedding there would be less concentration on Saturdays and Sundays, and this would benefit the clergy.

Then (in 1934) Mr. (now Sir Edmund) Brocklebank, Member for the Fairfield Division of Liverpool, to whom all honour be, introduced a Bill to extend the lawful hours of marriage to 6.0 P.M. The Bill slipped through Parliament without any fuss, and we believe that not even the bishops noticed it as it flashed through the Lords. It is an Act; it is the law: but it is not sufficiently known.

You may be married at any hour between 8.0 A.M. and 6.0 P.M., and we here proclaim it as loudly as we can to all happy couples (with their parents, ministers, and advisers) who may do us the honour to invite us to their delightful weddings.

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Parliament has acted. The ungrateful wedders have failed (on the whole) to follow. And the people suffer.

We all know how. After the average midday mass-wedding, London is littered with the human wreckage of it.

Poor dupes! They have been hauled away from their day's work during the morning and thrust into fine (and fuggy) raiment, with buttonholes. They have had a hurried lunch (if any); they have arrived panting and dyspeptic at the church; they have stood about for an hour or more at the reception, have made polite conversation, nibbled flimsy sandwiches, and drunk cheap champagne. Between four and five the happy couple who have caused all this agony rush off to Paris or the Riviera (or in these days, "a South Coast town") and leave the poor dupes high and dry. Or rather, high but not dry. The odious flavour of cheap champagne remains with them and cannot decently be dispersed by any liquid which would be fitting at that hour. The urge to revelry has been unseasonably provoked and untimely arrested. It is too late to go back and do any decent work: nor, after the champagne, do they feel much like it. On the other hand it is too early to do anything else. Are there anywhere to be found human beings so miserable as those who (at 4.30 P.M.) have just dispatched a happy pair to Paris or the Riviera or a South Coast town? They lie about the clubs, they invade your home, they moon along Regent Street and Piccadilly, seeking sadly for someone to occupy and entertain them. But what can we do? They are in a different world from ours. They are sentimental, and even sad; they are feeling vain-or uncomfortablein their wedding-dress; they have had too much to drink, or feel that it is time they did. Whatever their state and however unseasonable, they are amazed that you and I do not share it, and think us churls if we do not instantly adjust ourselves. Sometimes



". . . and now we take you over to the Bathroom of the Grand Hotel, Pump."

they conclude (and they may be right) that, having started revelling at the wrong time they had better make the best of it, go on revelling, and have dinner somewhere at half-past-six. But even these brave spirits do their revelling with a sense of frustration, since the just cause and excuse of it all are many miles away, and by now, perhaps, are entering the Ritz or Metropole somewhere. Hamlet without the Dane is nothing to Hymenæa without the bride

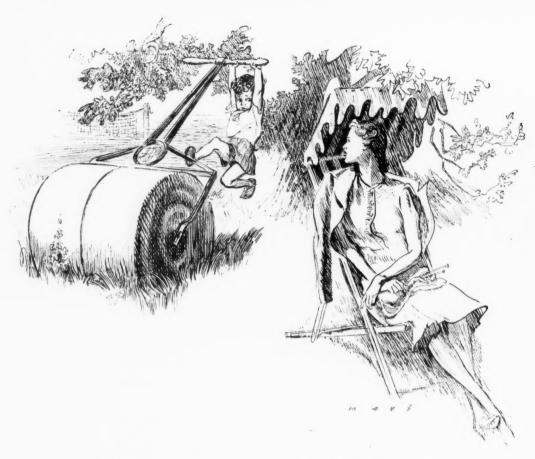
Now, what right have the happy pair to inflict all this suffering on their friends and relations? Ex hypothesi they are happy; there is no evidence whatever that any of the others are, and therefore it is the happy pair who ought to adjust themselves to the general convenience. It is admirable that they should marry, but it is no good reason why they should do everyone who likes them out of a day's work, stupefy them with poor liquor by teatime, and leave them flapping like fish out of water at five o'clock in the afternoon. To say nothing of the national wastage of economic manhours caused every day by the extraction of important workmen from countless offices and factories for the solemnization of matrimonies.

It all springs from the absurd tradition that the happy pair must spend the bridal night at least a hundred and fifty miles from home. But why in the world? There are one or two quite good hotels in Londonand even at Liverpool and Manchester. Let them go to their honey-spot to-They have invited their morrow. friends to a party. Let them stay, at least, till the party is nearly over, as other hosts have to do. That is, let them be married at a quarter-to-six, so that no one loses a day's work, and the guests, if need be, can come in evening dress.

Then let there be a stand-up supper party for the general mob (and, if desired, a dinner for the elect); and thereafter music and dancing in which the happy pair take part and show themselves (and their new clothes) to the world. (Many guests at many weddings hardly set eyes on the bride at all.) At ten, or earlier if they insist, they may take the train to London, or the car to their hotel. What they do to-morrow is nobody's business; but to-day they will have done their jobs.

We know that all this is practical and good because a daughter of ours has nobly done it. And until other daughters do likewise we shall not attend their delightful weddings. So there!

A. P. H.



"Lawrence-will you kindly leave that roller where it is?"

Moray Revisited

WAS glad to hear the burn singing
Its old song as of yore
And to feel the sea-spray salt and stinging
Along the Moray shore,
And a north wind out of Sutherland swinging
Like the sweep of a claymore.

In the south there are so many voices
And a tangled tale they weave;
A man is given too many choices
Of what he should best believe;
Ah, how the wildered heart rejoices
Clear counsel to receive!

Said the burn, "This was a granite boulder—
I have worn it down to dust."
Said the sea, "As older I grow and older,
In Time I put my trust."
And the north wind shouted over his shoulder,
"Stick it, and win we must!"

The southron folk are lion-hearted But ever they talk and tell; Every hour is a story started How the war goes ill or well, And ever is some new thing imparted Till my weary ears rebel

And my heart turns back to an earlier dwelling
Over the Grampian hill,
To the sound of old-time voices quelling
Rumours of good or ill,
To the burn and the sea and the north wind telling
The same old story still.

"It's Time, Time that carries you through it—
The longest dreariest day;
Take up the task and buckle to it
And the trouble will wear away;
You know your duty, my lad—go do it
And we'll all win through," said they.

H. B.



THE SUPPLIANT

"For you I have robbed and lied and murdered East and West. For you I have sacrificed German honour and German faith. What other offering can I lay at your feet?"

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Mr. PUNCH'S

HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

OU are asked to remember the needs of the Navy patrolling the seas, the Air Force constantly attacking the enemy, the crews of our minesweepers, the men who are fighting in Norway, the Arm in France, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations. All or most of them are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They want Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Apart from these, the Hospitals need supplies for the wounded, medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

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Impressions of Parliament

Tuesday, May 7th.—The effect of the first day's debate, held in a tense and packed House, on Norway, was to bring the reverse itself into better proportion but to leave dissatisfaction with the methods which had led up to it, and a feeling that the time is near when the Government will have to be tightened up on a more national basis.

In the circumstances Mr. Chamber-LAIN's speech was good, though its final plea that it would be more profitable for Members to get on with the war effort and stop disputing about forms of government seemed to argue a lack of understanding of the fact that in the minds of most the two are vitally, and at the moment urgently, connected. After paying tributes, in which subsequent speakers joined, to the gallantry of our forces in Norway, he pointed out the absurdity of any comparison with Gallipoli, for not much more than one division had been involved. In every respect German losses had been far the heavier. Realising the difficulty of taking Trondheim, the Government had decided to attempt it after repeated appeals from the Norwegian Commander-in-Chief, who regarded the town as essential both as a port and as a possible seat of government; had we refused such a call we should have justified critics who held that our only object in Scandinavia was iron ore. Plans for a direct attack on Trondheim were prepared, but for a time it seemed that our land forces could manage the job alone. He did not suppose that anyone would have had us invade Norway before Germany had done so. The advance guard of the Anglo-Finnish force had not been disbanded, as had been suggested, and the main body, though transferred to France, was readily available. The operation at Trondheim had failed because of our inability to secure aerodromes for our fighters, and because of the unexpectedly rapid arrival of German reinforcements.

The House, said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, must remember that at any moment a conflagration might blaze up on other Fronts, and therefore we must not be lured into an imprudent dispersal of our forces. He did not think this country yet realised "the extent or the imminence of the threat which was impending against us." The General Staff had advised him to avoid this debate if he possibly could for fear vital information should escape. for Cabinet reconstruction, he and Mr. CHURCHILL and Lord HANKEY were all agreed that it would not save time have a Cabinet composed of Ministers freed from Departmental work; but he had arranged for Mr.

CHURCHILL to have a new direction of strategy by giving objective guidance to the Chiefs of Staff Committee.

Mr. ATTLEE asked a number of pertinent questions about Norway, and attacked the Government as a bunch of failures. Sir Archibald Sinclair said we should have mined the Norwegian corridor months ago and asked why we had bombed towns in Norway and Denmark but not the ports in Germany at which the enemy had embarked. Mr. AMERY and Lord WINTERTON powerfully attacked the Government for lack of realism, but by far the most damaging speech came from Sir Roger Keyes, who, in the uniform of an Admiral of the Fleet, declared that Trondheim could easily have been broached from the sea, and that he himself had offered to plan and lead an expedition to do so. He spoke, he said, for officers and men of the fighting Navy who were very unhappy. Trondheim was a shocking story of

Sir Archibald Southby urged that it would have been folly to use ships against land fortifications, and Sir Henry Page Croft pleaded for unity.

In reply, Mr. STANLEY defended his staff and the Intelligence Service, but Members were a little shaken to learn that details of Norwegian ports were unknown to us until we got there.



" Aha-sketching the weather, eh? !!!"



"I suppose I needn't tell you the excruciating agony this one's going to give you."

Garden Diary with Complications

2.30 p.m. They prepare to go off in the car, having conjured up half a gallon—they being Frances and her sister-in-law, Marjorie, staying weekend. Idea, it seems, is I am to be left behind in garden, together with their assorted progeny. Am told I can keep an eye on it.

2.31-2.35. Protesting that I am busy making a new concrete path along the side of the garage. Can't keep eyes on progenies.

2.35½. Protest overruled. Nonsense. Progeny will be quite happy playing by itself.

2.36. Have progeny lined up and formally counted. They're not going

to give me one kid short to start with and then accuse me of having lost it when they get back.

2.38. Assembling and counting progeny. From left to right progeny reads: John (12), Unity (4), Michael (6), Pamela (11), Unity (4), Anne (8), and Unity (4). Seven. No, five, Ubiquity—I mean Unity—being too young to keep still for long; three ours, two theirs (Michael and Pamela).

2.40. They go.
2.41. With Machiavellian cunning ask children what each wants to do most and it can do it. Experience

instant wave of popularity.

2.50. Progeny doing it. Unity

catching one of baby chickens, "to stroke it"; John repainting tool-shed door; Michael by wood-pile sawing wood; Pamela near by making house of logs; Anne throwing stones at tin can, "not too near" garden frames. Self concreting happily.

2.51-3.14½. Much as above. Peace reigning. Personal stock, both as uncle and father, standing high.

3.15. Trouble. Sudden yell of anguish from far away by wood-pile. Jerk up my head like startled stag and listen. Silence.

3.16. Outburst of cries, frightened yells, shouts of "Mummie! Daddie! Unku-ul!" appeals to someone, anyone, to "come here quick!" High above all rises new and terrifying gurgling scream.

3.16½. Drop everything and move. Just sense enough to keep clear of large area newly-laid concrete. Streak round garage to lawn.

3.17. Gurgling scream stopped, but rest of the uproar continuing, something like crowd of extras at film railway-disaster.

3.17½. Progressing across lawn and round corner to door into vegetable garden. Talking of films, progress must look like Gabby's first bringing news of Gulliver—one whizzing streak.

Gulliver—one whizzing streak.
3.18. In straight for door and going nicely. (Qy: touching 35.) All at once uproar stops. Dead silence. Fear worst.

3.18½. As nearing door, it opens. Pamela emerges. Child isn't hurrying or put out. Closes door behind her in self-possessed manner and sees me. Does not appear to have particular news. Merely says in the manner of one passing remark upon casual encounter: "Oh, Uncle, Michael's cut his throat."

3.19. Whizz onward, through vegetable garden, clammy-browed. Panels follows at leisure, faintly intrigued.

3.20–3.22. Ploughing through dozen small chickens escaped from coop during eatching process and now loose everywhere. Attacked by resentful hen. Beat off attack.

3.22½. No sign of body at wood-pile, but see Unity, much interested, trailing someone round corner, probably dying Michael.

3.23. Following on, see John and Anne rounding corner beyond, apparently also on trail. Presume Michael further ahead, looking for me in order to expire in my arms.

3.24. Right round vegetable garden again, catching up. Loose chickens appear to have increased in numbers and be everywhere except long way from my feet. Beat off second her attack.

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3.25. Overtake Anne, treading as do so upon rubber ball which, like tyre on stony road, promptly discharges under pressure two pebbles from the path like bullets. One breaks pane of glass in frame: other hits Anne on knee-eap.

3.25½. Anne's yells dying behind me as, gaining quickly on John, reenter the vegetable garden by another door and just glimpse Michael's legs as he leaves by the far one. Begin to feel like man chasing headless chicken.

3.26. Sighted Michael. Not headless: moreover is yelling "Uncle!" in manner that shows wind-pipe still in working order. Yell back "Here!" and sprint after him.

3.27. Half-way along path crash into the pursuing John who, attention always easily distracted, has stopped abruptly to examine toy boat floating in small water-tank. Great splash.

3.28. Again pursuing Michael, who, owing obstacle John, has gained considerably in *his* pursuit of me. Scream, "Here!" dashing onwards. "Uncle!" yells Michael, shooting ahead.

3.28½. Tread on paint-tin left on

path by John.

3.31. Michael reaches concrete where I had been at beginning. Ploughing through it slows him down. Catch up at last.

3.32. Damage is only small but painful laceration in skin of throat made by sharp twig. Apparently operative, tired of sawing at chestheight, had got on top of saw-buck to work at foot level, lost balance and fallen into pile of brushwood. Take him to house.

3.34. Prescribe Treatment by Imposing Bandage, always sure snip at six years old.

3.35–3.45. Fixing bandage as tall as a seaside-landlady's lace collar. Leave him indoors with book and return to garden.

3.46-3.56. Repairing damage to concrete by running another layer over top.

3.57. John asks why I threw stones at Anne, what have I done with his paint and do I mind, he fell into the rain-tank just after I passed, but is really sort of dry, as water was not terribly wet.

3.59. Pamela, from under a tall yew, shouts: "Unity's learnt to climb a tree beautifully!" No sign of youngest on lower boughs, so shout "Where?" "Right at the top!" calls Pamela, adding doubtfully: "She's not doing it so well now."

4.1. Race over. See Unity hanging by two hands from high bough over the crazy-paving beneath. Sees me from corner of eye and announces proudly: "Look at me!" concluding unconcernedly: "I think I'll come down now."

 $4.1\frac{1}{2}$. Just catch her. While I am attending to my sprained ankle, she gets half-way up again.

4.3. This time climb up tree myself. Get her down, returning just in time to receive retaliatory stone between shoulder-blades from vindictive Anne. Second one misses and hits garage window.

4.7. Car returns. Marjorie and Frances get out. Had nice time? they say. Before can assemble suitable narrative, Pamela speaks up. "Oo! Lovely! Uncle played throwing stones

at Anne and broke a garden-frame and she's broken the garage window and Uncle upset the paint and pushed John in the water-tank and climbed right up to the top of that tree with Unity. She fell but he caught her. Oh, and the chickens are all out and Michael's shoe is somewhere under all that concrete!"

4.8. Frances and Marjorie turn on me as one angry mother. Great trouble imminent, but though Pamela observant child she forgot one point.

48½. Inspired to say: "I've put Michael indoors. He's cut his throat." Note they could have given even Gabby a start and still been at the house first.

A. A.



"Tell me, Gretel, is there some other man?"

At the Play

"KING LEAR" (OLD VIC)

In one respect I do agree that we British are degenerate, and that is in swearing. Moved slowly to anger. we express ourselves with a paucity of invention of which, with our traditions. should be ashamed. How astounded the Elizabethans would be at the way in which we have frittered away their magnificent heritage of poetic invective! I raise the point here because I find that though there are occasions, as the discomforts of war begin to grow, when relief can only come from wholesale denunciation of the crooks who began the thing, my tongue, weakened by long immersion in colourless civilities, is not up to the job; and this play is full of suggestive material. Lear, walking into a lamp-post in the blackout, would not mumble some spineless vulgarity

into his beard, as we should, but would roar out a respectable denunciation of the Squire of Berchtesgaden:

"You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into his scornful eyes! Infect his bulging face,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful sun, To fall and blast his pride!"

That is the stuff. Let us have

more of it.

This production, by Mr. Lewis Casson, is of a quality not often to be found, for not only have a raregalaxy of stars been diverted from their accustomed courses to the Waterloo Road, but they have been cast with admirable perception. Once again this awkward but magnificent play is shown to be extremely effective in the theatre. But all this with one reservation. Lear himself is probably the least actable of Shakespeare's chief characters. He has nobility, and splendid poetry, and, on occasion, fire, but he can never quite recover in our estimation from the senility of his opening action,



WHO WOULD HAVE DAUGHTERS?

Goneril								MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT
Regan.			,					MISS FAY COMPTON
Lear .								MR. JOHN GIELGUD



WHO WOULD HAVE SONS?

Earl of Gloucester . . . Mr. Nicholas Hannen Mr. Jack Hawkins

and throughout the play there remains the danger that he will appear pathetic and not tragic. It is essential, therefore that everything about him should be as

genuine as can be; and here Mr. GIELGUD fails -brilliantly. He bring to the task profound technical skill and a lovely understanding of the verse, but he can not, it is physically impossible for him, dis guise his own youth His voice betrays him most and after that his gestures, extraordinarily well-observed, but still those of a young man playing an old. His make-up might have been a little less Santa-Clausy with advantage. especially in the mad scene; but the trouble goes deeper than that and lies simply with Mr GIELGUD's age, which only time can repair.

Miss CATHLEEN NES BITT and Miss Far COMPTON are tremen dous as the wicked sisters, whom they pla with quite different kinds of malice. Mis NESBITT has never been better than in the way "Oh, the she says: difference between man and man!" and Miss

Compton gets aterrific grue into the vile jelly scene. Miss Jessica TANDY represents the forces of innocence exquisitely. The two Gloucester boys provide outstand ing performances; Mr. Jack HAWKINS'S swaggering Bastarl and Mr. ROBERT HARRIS'S Edgar are both very good indeed. Their duel is exciting, but has more BRADMAN in it than d'Artagnan. Mr. Casson gives Kent a fine sturdy loyalty, and there is most agreeable naturalness about Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN'S Gloucester. HARDY would have liked the way he speaks "A flies to wanton boys" (and 8) would SWINBURNE, who thought this paganism the keynote of the play). STEPHEN HAGGARD is a further reservation I must make. He has not the robustness for a

Mr. ROGER FURSE'S sets and dresses are fresh and full intelligent contrast. ERIC

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"PERIL AT END HOUSE" (VAUDEVILLE)

DETECTIVES, like Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, run (or stroll) to extremes. The stately Holmes of England was lean and lithe and leaped into action: the sagacious Hercule Poirot of Belgium is stout and slow and pensively adjusts his massive form to motion. Mrs. AGATHA CHRISTIE'S hero revels in his own tonnage and poundage, wolfs

éclairs for breakfast, and would regard the arrival of a ration-eard as sourly as other men view a buff envelope from the Inland Revenue. Hercule is, as they say, a glutton for work, but he has a handsome all-round appetite as well.

There is something amusing, certainly, in the mixture of a boobyish bulk with a brain as sharp as a needle. Mrs. CHRISTIE, whose tale of terror Mr. ARNOLD RIDLEY has adapted for the stage, has long struck the public fancy with her monstrous scrutineer, at once beevish and benignant, who can become a greyhound in pursuit of crime. Mr. FRANCIS SULLIVAN, seeming to carry top weight in this part, is admirably adapted for the reverse of Hamlet's observation about smiling and villainy. He smiles with a rich adipose amiability, and as he smiles he plots the unmasking of the villain. The attractions of his Frenchified English may begin to pall, but his powers of detection go rolling on.

Beside him marches Captain Hastings, a man who could give Dr. Watson points and a beating in any competition of well-meaning crassness. For sheer failure to see the point Hastings is unique. Put him to look for a needle in a haystack and he would never even find the haystack. Dr. Watson, I think, was the better company. Hastings is the kind of jackass at whom laughing soon becomes difficult

The haystack in this case is the Cornish home of young and comely Miss "Nick" Buckley, and the needle

to be discovered is the fellow who is so industriously endeavouring to do the darling in. He leaves no weapon untried, and Miss Buckley continues her Cornish holiday in a hail of bullets, a deluge of crashing picture-frames, and an infiltration of poison into her chocolates. If you or I had been the lady we would, I think, have moved off into kindlier Devon or Dorset or even further for a week or two, but if

ACT II

ACT II

DOMINATING THE SHOW

Hercule Poirot FRANCIS L. SULLIVAN

people behaved like that, what would become of detective stories? So Nick, just to oblige Mrs. Christie and Mr. Ridley and our playgoing selves, although it so obviously promised her a sticky conclusion.

Fortunately M. Hercule Poirot was on the Cornish spot and seeking new labours. So he levered himself majestically into action and began to sort out the potential sheep and goats who were pasturing round and within

End House. There were plenty of starters for the office of assassin, for Cornwall hereabouts was thickly populated with those characters who seem so far above suspicion as to be doubly suspicious in a mystery-play. There was money at stake and a missing will; an apparent maniac kept darting in and out; somebody shot the wrong woman while the fireworks were going off. So the delectable Duchy was

really beginning to resemble a tough corner of Chicago while Hercule sat building his card-castles, rolling his eyes and r's, and thinking with all his weight about the missing "fact-eur-r-r."

In these cases criticism is on its honour not to tell. So if you are really feeling worried about the enigma of End House or happen to be an addict of M. Poirot you must go to the Vaudeville Theatre to satisfy your curiosity and feed your fancy. Criticism can guarantee an evening of pleasures on accepted Familiarity lines. breeds content with nocturnal bangs, crashes and alarums in households where anybody's finger may be ready on the trigger or deep in poison pie.

To some of us, attending this kind of play seems uncommonly like hard work, because, if the mind wanders and we do not listen to every line, we may miss just the word which gives the clue. But others are

not so slack, and find delight in paying strict attention. This class, the strictly attentive, may spot the guilty party before M. Poirot spills the beans, but I must confess that I did not do so myself. Did the mind wander? A trifle, perhaps, but not when Miss Olga Edwardes was being everybody's target, Mr. Ian Fleming, as Hustings, was hoisting the Old Watsonian colours, and Mr. Sullivan was playing the talkative Poirot, so affable, so elephantine, and so acute.

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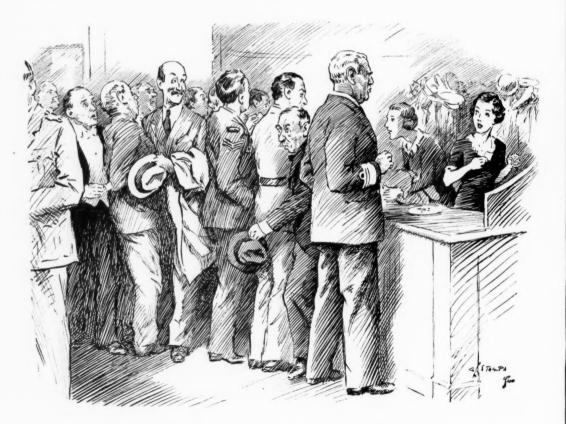
The Judgment of Mullaghagraney

HERE is a very strong feeling all round Mullaghagranev that Dick Leehy is not to be trusted. And this is the whole story of how that feeling arose. First of all Dick Leehy got into low water financially about four or five years ago. He had a small farm and it wasn't paying. It was not that he was too far away from the border; he was under twenty miles from it; but there happened to be a very awkward stretch of bog all the way between him and it-bog that you could never take cattle across. Of course there were roads, but that was not the way one moved cattle in those days. There was a heavy duty then against all live-stock going into the North of Ireland. Well, Dick was in low water, and people were wondering what he would do, for it always irritated him to be without money, as he was just one of those lads that could never do without plenty of it. In the old days he might have sold a horse,

but there were not so many people in the country to buy horses as there used to be, and besides that there was as heavy a duty on them, getting them into England or over the border, as there was on cattle. So the people were watching Dick Leehy and wondering what he would do, because they knew that he was a lad who could always think of something. He hadn't even a pension from the Government, as many of his neighbours had, nor from the Government before it, that this one had put out of office, as most of the rest of them had. It isn't that he hadn't applied to both, but they both had felt that he supported the other, and so refused him a pension, which, as Dick pointed out, was manifestly unjust, for one of them must have been wrong.

And then one moonlight night the people in Mullaghagraney saw Dick slip away with a spade and go to the red bog. It wasn't a turf-cutter, but just a spade, and there is no more digging to

be done in the red bog than there is ploughing on the sea-shore. morning they saw a heap of turf, about seven feet long and perhaps three feet broad, which had been dug up from all round about, a little way in on the red bog. And of course a certain amount of curiosity was set up by this. And next night those who were watching saw Dick Leehy at it again. Practically everybody in the village was watching that night, in the quiet way that people do in Ireland, without any of them being actually seen. And next morning the long heap was bigger. Well, curiosity once being started, it went on until some young lads, little more than boys, took it into their heads to go out on the bog one day to see what was under the heap. They hadn't pried into the matter very long before they saw the sleeve of a police. man's uniform and the bones of a hand, and a tunic with the badge of the R.I.C. and seemingly a body inside it



"Yours was the little sailor hat, wasn't it?"

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"My 'usband 'as gorn off and joined the Auxiliary Fire Service, but 'eaven knows wot for-why, 'e can't light a kitchen fire to save 'is life."

that looked as if it was buried years ago, but had floated up now to the surface of the bog and been hidden by the new heap. They didn't stay to look any further, because they had learned very young from their mothers to keep away always from politics; but the rumour of what they had seen spread round Mullaghagraney for all that, though they never spoke of it loud or very definitely. And it spread beyond Mullaghagraney and got as far

as Dublin, and was even whispered about in the highest quarters.

And about that time Dick Leehy applied for a pension again for services that he had rendered in the days of the Black-and-Tans. And this time he got his pension. I don't know why the people of Mullaghagraney couldn't have left him alone after that. Jealousy, I suppose; though that was very unjust, for they most of them had pensions themselves.

But some of them went rummaging in that heap again, and what did they find out in the end but that the policeman's old uniform was stuffed with straw and sticks, and just a few very old bones such as might have been dug out of any graveyard. There was no corpse in it at all. Not a sign of one. And now, as I have told you already, there is a very strong feeling in Mullaghagraney that Dick Leehy is not to be trusted.

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"Whoever knitted my socks forgot to turn the heels."

Bandages and All That

WANTED to write an article about our First Aid Class; I thought of an awfully good ending-"... and I quickly but firmly bandaged her as for Broken Jaw. It was to be funny, you see, and Mrs. Penditch would come into it (she's the one who gets bandaged), and the woman who sits next to me and keeps saying "Ugh!" and "Oh, my!" and "Ts-ts!" and the joke about using drawing-pins for head bandages.

That would be in the middle. I just had to get started, and that was the difficulty. There wasn't much time between the First Aid Class and the lecture on Blast, and the moment I sat down and closed my eyes to think of a snappy beginning, Maggie came in and said, "Oh, as you seem to be doing nothing, would you mind holding this while I wind?

I could of course compose a beginning while gently seesawing a skein of Air Force wool between my hands, but not when Maggie said the butcher had no heart and no liver either, and could we bear macaroni again to-night, or would we for a change have spaghetti?

She whisked away the last of the wool; but just as my hands were free to grasp the pen Mrs. Mills reported a Boy Scout at the door about the waste-paper.

"Look here," said Mrs. Penditch (the Boy Scout must have been at the other door), "let me go over your pressure points again: I can't locate the sub-clavian artery either on myself or Eunice"—which naturally reminded me that it was time for the lecture on Blast.

All who know Mrs. Penditch, however, know that another's lecture on Blast will never deter her from any purpose of her own. Gracefully, therefore, I yielded up my sub-clavian artery to her thumb, and of course my ear to

her considered opinion of our First Aid Instructor. One thing leading to another, I need hardly add that shortly afterwards she quickly but firmly bandaged me as for Broken Jaw.

From Slab to Slab

["Particularly disturbing is the fact that so much pooling a elimination of competition will affect women's interest in shopping. For them half the fun is in comparing articles and prices."

OT yet comes the halibut ration, Not yet comes the mack'rel control, And I still can indulge in my passion Of choosing 'twixt sole and 'twixt sole On the slabs of each rival fishmonger (The Messrs. McTurtle and Joyce). Oh, leave me this sop to my hunger, My freedom of choice.

McTurtle's fresh herrings glance brightly, While Joyce's are wistful and dim-Maybe, but his crabs are more sprightly, His eels are less slim. McTurtle's new turbot's a beauty, Its gills are in elegant gimps Yet all of his prawns are past duty And most of his shrimps.

So, ration the heart of the heifer, Control as you will the pig's fry, And I shall not harass the zephyr With housewifely sigh. But let me prepare for my table The cod with the kindlier face-The one who looks less like Aunt Mabel And more like Aunt Grace.



"Yes, your respirator still seems to be functioning satisfactorily, Sir.

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Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Towards a Lasting Peace

WHEN WE have finished with HITLER. how do we intend to re-make Europe so that war shall not recur as soon as we have unveiled the war memorials? A European federation of peoplesnot sovereign states—would seem the sole valid hope: a federation starting from a nucleus of like-minded nations eager to educate and generous to enlist the remainder in what would so supremely advantage all. This great and momentous theme—the greatest and most momentous of all because it involves not only our immediate but our final destinies—is discussed under twenty-two aspects by twenty-two experts, enthusiasts and critics in Federal Union (CAPE, 10/6); the symposium being prefaced and postscripted, with a candid acknowledgment of its tentative and occasionally discrepant character, by Mr. M. CHANING-PEARCE. Here you have the historical past of Federal Union, its theory, its practice, its present, its future. Scientists, men of letters, lawyers, educationists, theologians, psychologists take the offensive—or at worst, guard the passes-in what is probably the last position left to European sanity. The book, until it has been questioned, confirmed, amplified and succeeded by still more convincing exponents of the same cause, is indispensable.

Ancient and Modern

Miss MARGARET IRWIN has a considerable reputation as a writer of historical novels. In Mrs. Oliver Cromwell (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 7/6) she gives us a slender volume of short stories, the majority of which, however, deal with the present day. That which gives the book its name is a careful study of the wife of the Lord Protector, on whom "grandeur sat as ill as scarlet on an ape." Miss IRWIN, known as a Miss Irwin, known as a strong supporter of the Cavalier side, is not particularly sympathetic in her treatment of OLIVER and his household, though her character-sketch is quite a good piece of work. We do not rate so highly the story that follows. "The Country Gentleman"

mine

presents a Parliamentary officer who has been given an Irish estate by the Protector after Drogheda, and goes there to take it over, intending to settle down and found a family. The Irish gentleman, however, whose house and lands have been forfeited is of a different opinion, and Captain Elworthy comes to a sudden and





THE EGOIST

"No, I've not done anything as yet—but, 'pon me soul, I've 'alf a mind to join one of these Self-Defence Corps."

Frank Reynolds, May 19th, 1915

unfortunate end. (We are not told, by the way, what happened to the troop of horse which he sent on in advance to smooth his path.) Generally speaking, Miss IRWIN is most successful with her Irish characters: the best stories in this collection are undoubtedly those which deal with

modern Ireland-"Courage," the opening story in the book, and the longer piece of riotous fun called "Bloodstock. But "The Doctor" is a good exercise in the macabre style.

Pavilions of Canvas

One has so often wondered how long it would be before some suitably learned iconoclast started debunking the spacious days of Elizabeth. Dr. G. B. Harrison, proceeding from his Elizabethan Journals to Elizabethan Plays and Players (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6), has set the ball rolling by denying any particular affinity between "the word 'Renaissance'" and the sudden brief burgeoning of the drama, and concentrating on its patrons, its opponents, its "fans," the managers who financed it, and the needy and seedy scholars who so largely produced its playwrights and actors. This, so far as it goes, is sound history; and Dr. HARRISON has written a captivating book, though his best

stuff is sufficiently familiar to students of the late Elizabethan underworld and his lesser-known literary material is for the most part artistically negligible. Our greatest poetry, he says, is drama; though it might be truer to suggest that our supreme lyricism pervades the pick of our plays and that when the poetry is finest the play is not necessarily a good one. The unscholarly reader, you feel, might prefer fewer specimens of bad verse and more details about such fascinating side-shows as, say, "her majesty's unfledged minions, the boy players.

The Cargo War

For a rattling good yarn of the war at sea you could be

convoyed much further and fare a lot worse than Mr. W. TOWNEND'S Sink And Be Damned (CHAPMAN AND HALL, It describes how at the beginning of September a British ship ran the gauntlet across the Atlantic of German submarines whose commanders had special orders to sink her at all costs on account of Nazi secrets hidden in her cargo. A battered hulk, she was rescued only just in time by a British destroyer. What the secrets were, Mr. Townend forgets to tell us, which is disappointing. He is a racy teller of stories, and the fights he makes very exciting; but his quiet and sympathetic treatment of men of the sea makes this more than a mere novel of blood and thunder. The tired Captain, longing for the shore job he finally denies himself, the Chief, best kind of cylinder-caressing Scotsman, and the fanatical young Nazi stowaway are all strong and faithful portraits.

Glimpses of Life

In the course of the dozen short stories which Mr. STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT includes in Tales Before Midnight

(HEINEMANN, 7/6) he has looked at life from so many different aspects that one is not only full of admiration but also a bit bewildered. We are shown mainly American types, though there is one story which describes the relish with which a subaltern of a European nationality helps to herd a throng of refugees from its country, and another which tells of the centurion of one of the last legions to leave Britain. For pure humorous fantasy one may select the record of the hardworking doctor who goes to heaven. and, finding there few if any sick to heal, escapes to the other place and is turned out as a popular but disturbing For studies of temperament there is the description of the successful and the unsuccessful mer who meet at what seems to be a sort of old boys reunion; or that of the man with one funny yarn which, though his wife begins by hating it, becomes eventually an honoured family tradition. But there is something shrewd and thought-compelling about all of them.

Brace

Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury. occupy the centre of the stage,

but no sooner does he appear than he behaves in a manner that gives him an almost unique place in sensational fiction. M. SIMENON has undoubtedly created a character who will be as popular in England as he is in France.

The Will and the Way

No one can read more than a few pages of Mr. RICHARD KEVERNE'S latest story, Open Verdict (Constable, 76 without discovering that Philip Harborough, the nephew a man who had been "found drowned," was in a come already tight and likely to become tighter. During his life time Alban Harborough had consistently misbehaved himsel but his sudden death put Philip in an extremely precario position. For although suspects were by no means scare it was on the heir to his uncle's property that suspicion mainly rested. Mr. KEVERNE has a robust and sound method of telling a tale, and commonsense, rather than uncam feats of deduction, is responsible for the unmasking of the murderer and a gang of criminals whose nefarious plot and stratagems are graphically described.



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the able translator of M. GEORGES SIMENON'S stories. wastes no time, for although Maigret Travels South was published only a few week ago Messrs. ROUTLEDGE an already able to offer us Maigret Abroad (8/3). In this volume, which contains two convincing proofs of the author's skill in exhibiting Maigret at work, the scene of the first tale is laid in Holland, and here we can read the reconstruction of a crime which if rather tediously prolonged is in all other respects flawlessly produced. At the outset of the second story Maigret does not

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